SOME NEW BOOKS.

Handbook of Colonial History.

The short history of the United States, the first volume of which is published by the Messrs. Longman, is conceived on a new plan. The subject is to be discussed by epochs, of which the first is associated with the foundation of the colonies, the second with the formation of the Union, and the third with the triumph of the Union over disintegrating forces. The designer and editor of the series, which, when completed, will present a consecutive narrative, is Prof. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, and the author of the first volume, entitled *The Colonies: 1492-1750*, is Mr. REUBEN GOLD THWAITES. The consideration of the topic by epochs is not by any means the only novel feature of this work. The exposition of details is deliberately sacrificed to the distinct projection of the broad outlines, and events are described not with a view to pictorial effect, but with the aim of bring out their significance as tendencies and principles. Another useful characteristic of this book is the insertion before each chapter of a bibliography, including not only the more easily accessible works, but special treatises and monographs. The editor's design, in short, was to furnish a guide and key to the study of American history, and from this point of view the volume now published, which represents a partial fulfilment of the plan, deserves high commendation. One may not always agree with Mr. Thwaites's conclusions, but it is evident that they were not formed until after a thorough and unbiassed study of nearly all the important literature relating to the subject.

Mr. Thwaites agrees with those Americanists who hold that, with the exception of the Caribs of the West Indies—he does not expressly add the Esquimaux, though he seems to do this by implication—all the peoples inhabiting the western hemisphere from Hudson Bay to Patagonia were of one race. Whence came this original race? The author does not think it possible to return a positive answer. On the one hand, he seems to have no doubt that the chain of Aleutian islands served as stepping stones for straggling bands of Asiatics to cross over into continental Alaska many centuries ago, and he deems it possible that others may have traversed the ice bridge of Behring Strait. He concedes, too, that prehistoric vessels from China, Japan, or the Malay peninsula may have been blown upon our shores by westerly hurricanes, or may have drifted hither upon the ocean currents of the Pacific. He notes the striking similarities between the flora on each shore of the North Pacific, and he is aware that the Esquimaux of North America, like the west-slope Indians of South America, have been thought to exhibit physical resemblances to the Mongols and Malays. On the other hand, he considers it well established that men as far advanced as the present Esquimaux followed the retreating ice cap of the last glacial epoch. Did these pre-glacial or inter-glacial Americans come from Asia or from Europe? Here all light fails us and nothing is left but conjecture. With regard to another controverted question, we observe that Mr. Thwaites is inclined to minimize the capacity for progress evinced by the Mexicans and Peruvians, and he defers to the authority of those investigators who think that the mound builders were simply tribes of the Dakotas.

Was America, south of Greenland, discovered by Europeans before Columbus? To this question, which has given rise to an immense mass of literature, Mr. Thwaites would have us return the verdict—not proven. The claims of the Irish, Welsh, Basques, and Normans he mentions, but apparently does not think them worthy of discussion. The claims of the Scandinavians he examines at some length, but finally dismisses them also, on the ground that they rest on the Norse sagas, which, "like the Homeric tales, were mere oral narratives for centuries before they were committed to writing, and as such were subject to distortion and to patriotic and romantic embellishment." He pronounces it to be now impossible to separate in these sagas the true from the false, and refuses to accept them unless backed by other evidence. It is true enough that evidence in the shape of local monuments is not forthcoming—that "nowhere in America, south of undisputed traces in Greenland, are there any acceptable archæological proofs of these alleged centuries of Norse occupation in America." We scarcely need remind the reader that Scandinavian scholars are unanimous in affirming the possibility of separating the historical from the legendary constituents of the sagas. They do not hesitate to say that the discovery and settlement of Vinland are as truly historical facts as the discovery and colonization of Greenland. No one, however, will dispute Mr. Thwaites's concluding proposition that, "even granting the possibility, and, indeed, the probability, of pre-Columbian discoveries, they bore no lasting fruit, and are merely the antiquarian puzzles and curiosities of American history."

Mr. Thwaites accounts for the tardiness with which England followed up Sabastian Cabot's discovery of the mainland of North America on the ground that "Henry VII., being a Catholic prince, hesitated to set aside the bull of Pope Alexander VI. giving the new continent to Spain." It is questionable whether the Spaniards themselves ever contended that the Pope's bull gave them the whole of North America. Under it they first claimed only so much of the western hemisphere as lay west of the meridian fixed by Alexander VI. and south of the parallel of latitude drawn through the northernmost point of Spain. Subsequently they claimed as far north as the forty-fourth degree, but not further. Thus they set up no pretentions to Newfoundland, although they soon began to send large fishing fleets to that island. In the amended charter granted to the English merchant adventurers by Philip and Mary—a charter framed under Spanish influence—no attempt was made to restrain them from sending colonies to that part of the continent lying north of the forty-fourth degree. What checked English enterprise up to the reign of Elizabeth—if we except the six years during which Edward VI. occupied the throne—was the belief that the country north of the forty-fourth degree was not worth occupying. The French kings, although good Catholics, did not deem themselves restrained by the Papal bull from colonizing Canada; indeed, Charles IX. permitted Coligny to make a settlement in Florida, which, beyond all question, lay within the limits contemplated by Alexander VI. To the work done by English explorers and projectors of colonies prior to 1607 Mr. Thwaites devotes five pages, yet in this space he can only give a faint idea of the activity which actually prevailed in the Elizabethan era. The most satisfactory treatment of this theme will be found in the introductory chapter prefixed by Mr. Alexander Brown to his lately published collection of original documents relating to the English attempts to found colonies in North America.

A capital merit of this book is the distinctness with which the causes of the Revolution are shown to have been deep-seated in colonial history. The final outbreak, instead of being simply due to the Stamp act and the assertion of a right to tax British subjects unrepresented in Parliament, was the culmination of a century of dissatisfaction with the home Government. There had been actual rebellions in Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia, and serious disturbances in most of the other colonies. The laws trammelling the trade and navigation of the colonists would have produced a general uprising long before 1775, had they been universally and rigorously enforced. But this was not the case until after the peace of 1763. Public discontent had previously found a safety valve in the widespread toleration of smuggling. Coincident with the conquest of Canada, and the extinction of the one foreign enemy feared by the British colonies, appeared an inflexible determination on the part of the home Government to enforce the trade and navigation acts with merciless severity. That is to say, while with one hand it removed the exterior band which had withheld the colonies from revolt—the fear of French aggression—with the other it aggravated the disjunctive tendencies. In the presence of this double blunder, the practical abandonment of the attempt to introduce taxation without representation did not avail to avert the secession of the colonies.

The author makes plain the social, commercial, and religious reasons for the slowness with which the idea of union for collective defence and progress took root among the colonies. At the same time he is careful to mark the successive indications of drift toward confederation. In this direction New England took the lead. As early as 1643 twelve articles were agreed upon at Boston between the representatives of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven. Then, in 1684, Virginia sent delegates to represent her in the council called at Albany by Gov. Nicholson to consider a plan of union for repressing Indian outbreaks. Six years later Jacob Leisler, the rebel Governor of New York, convoked at Albany a colonial congress which was attended by seven delegates, chiefly from New England. In 1697 William Penn laid before the Board of Trade a plan providing for a council composed of two delegates from each province to be presided over by a High Commissioner. Finally, in 1754, the Lords of Trade themselves recommended a general congress of the colonies for the purpose of framing articles of union and confederation. Seven colonies were represented in this congress, and a project of union drawn by Franklin was adopted, but it was rejected by the colonial assemblies as giving too much power to the Crown, and disapproved of by the home Government as being too democratic. The discussion of the next movement toward confederation, which came from the colonies themselves, belongs to the second volume of this history.

Mr. Thwaites draws attention to the fact, too often overlooked, that the thirteen mainland colonies, which revolted in 1776, were by no means all of the English colonial establishments in America. He does not refer to Canada, which, in 1750, the year in which the present narrative ends, had not yet been conquered. What he has in mind are Nova Scotia (including New Brunswick), Newfoundland, the Hudson Bay region, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and other West India islands, the Bahamas, and the Bermudas. The author outlines the various causes which prevented Englishmen in these outlying plantations from joining their brethren of the thirteen colonies in their struggle for independence. English statesmen had considered it good policy to favor in the navigation acts the island colonies as against the continental, for the reason that the products of the former did not compete with those of Great Britain. On the other hand, in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland the ports were filled with English traders and officers, and a great belt of untraversed forest separated them from the New Englanders. But, no doubt, the decisive fact was that the British fleets commanded all the outlying provinces except Canada, and that was saved by the great concessions to the French Catholics embodied in the Quebec Act—concessions against which the thirteen colonies made the fatal blunder of protesting. The interesting fact is recalled that Washington appreciated the strategic value of the Bermudas, and urged an attempt to annex it. The Bahamas actually were captured by the Americans in 1776, but could not be held, owing to England's control of the sea—a control maintained up to the interposition of France in the contest.

Pericles and Aspasia.

The third volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series, now in course of publication by the Putnams, is devoted to *Pericles*, and it is fully equal, in respect of scholar-like and vivid delineation, to its predecessor, which depicted the career of Gustavus Adolphus. The author of the present book, Mr. EVELYN ABBOTT, is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and is known to many American readers by his "History of Greece." His portrait of Pericles is based upon a first-hand study of the original authorities, though he has, of course, availed himself of the investigations and discussions of modern historians of the Periclean age. It is noteworthy, however, that he does not acknowledge any specific obligations to Grote, and has followed Curtius only in his description of Athens. Indeed, his conception of Pericles, considered as a practical statesman, differs widely from the estimate formed by the two writers. He avows himself principally indebted to the recent histories of Greece by Duncker, Busolt, and Holm. It is an interesting fact that in his account of the transfer of judicial powers from the Areopagus to the popular jury courts Mr. Abbott brings forward as evidence for one assertion (page 86) a quotation from Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens." This is the very treatise, long supposed to have been lost, which is now said to have been discovered in the British Museum, among some manuscripts lately forwarded from Egypt. If the authenticity of this treatise can be completely established, much of the book before us, as well as of all other works dealing with the constitutional history of Athens, may have to be re-written. Meanwhile it is well to remember that the famous forger, Simonides, who died not long ago, was able to victimize so eminent a scholar as Dindorf with one of his sham antique codices, and that he also sold for a large sum to the Khedive Ismail a spurious manuscript of Aristotle. Whether the trustees of the British Museum were deceived by Simonides into buying a fictitious memorandum ostensibly addressed by Balisarius to Justinian has been denied, but they have had a sufficiently trying experience to make them receive with caution the "Constitution of Athens" which purports to be the wished-for work of Aristotle.

There is only one other Athenian who can be compared with Pericles. We refer, of course, to Themistocles, whose distinction is immensely enhanced by the fact that, unlike the most illustrious of his predecessors, his rivals and successors, he started under grave social disadvantages. Pisistratus, Miltiades, Clisthenes, Aristides, and Cimon were all aristocrats. So was Pericles; his father, Xanthippus, was of an old Athenian family, and his mother was an off-shoot of the Alcmaeonid stock, the most splendid and powerful rooted in Attic soil. Like Pisistratus before him, and Alcibiades after him—the latter was also an Alcmaeonid—Pericles was a patrician who put himself at the head of the plebeian party. He differed from both in the majesty and austerity of his demeanor. His wonderful ascendency over the poorer citizens was won not by flattering words, but by solid services, and only once in his lifetime was it shaken. It was from this point of view that Plutarch was justified in comparing him with Fabius Cunctator, and as regards his contempt for the minor arts of the politician he has in modern English history a counterpart in Warren Hastings. Only once in the assembly or the law courts did Pericles depart from the stern and cold deportment with which he alone ventured to confront the fierce and omnipotent democracy. The occasion sends a shaft of light into the recesses of his character. It was when Aspasia had been brought to trial by her enemies and before a prejudiced court on the charge of impiety and still more odious offences. She was in the uttermost peril when Pericles came forward in person to defend her. Then it was that for the first and only time the Athenians saw their greatest statesman overcome with emotion, wringing his hands and pleading as men plead for their lives, with the tears and passionate entreaties that Greek manners permitted in a court of justice. It is pleasant to remember that the woful exhibition was not fruitless, and that Aspasia was set free.

On the relations of Pericles to Aspasia the author of this volume has some interesting remarks, which lead him to consider at length the position of women in Athenian society. In general it may be said that in Athens respectable married women existed solely for the purpose of bearing and rearing children. Secluded and totally uneducated in a literary or artistic sense, they were as utterly cut off from the life of the community as are the inmates of an Oriental harem. They were not imperious and licentious like the Spartan women; they were modest and chaste, but they were nullities. Pericles himself, in his immortal "Funeral Oration," could find nothing better to say to the widows of the fallen and the wives of those who had survived, but that she is the best of women whose name is never in the mouths of men for good or evil. Yet, as Mr. Abbott reminds us (page 355), in Athens as elsewhere women were one-half of the community, and not an unimportant half, seeing that they were the trainers of the rising generation. Plutarch tells us how Themistocles spoke of his son as the most influential person in Greece, "for," he said, "the child rules his mother, his mother rules me, I rule the Athenians, and the Athenians the Greeks." Yet, although influences of a domestic kind they must certainly have exercised, very few records of the respectable women of Athens during the fifth century B. C. have survived. The only occasions on which we get a glimpse of them are the festivals and funerals. From her early childhood a pretty girl might share in the rites and ceremonies of the city. When she grew older, she took part in the Parathenaic processions; older still, she worshipped with other Athenian matrons at the Thesmophoria, and to her lot it fell to discharge the last duties to the dead. Conventional respect was hers, but for intellectual companionship she was entirely unfitted. For sympathy, for stimulus, no Athenian of the age of Pericles thought of going to his wife. He resorted rather to the class of hetairæ or companions. To these, as Mr. Abbott points out (page 194), Aspasia of Miletus belonged, although she was the noblest as well as one of the most beautiful. Open relations with such women were tolerated, though they cannot be said to have been approved, in the masculine society of Greece. There was a show of reason for such toleration. Not only did the hetairæ have recourse to the various feminine arts in order to beautify their persons, but some, at least, sought to train and enrich their minds and impart a seductive charm to their conversation. In the latter particular they had an immense advantage over the Greek matrons, who knew nothing of society in the modern sense, and were uninstructed in anything beyond the duties of the house. How and when Aspasia first attracted the grave and silent Pericles we do not know. No historian can tell us whether she drew him from his wife, or whether the short and somewhat unhappy years of his married life were ended before he made her acquaintance. What is certain is that Pericles entered into a most intimate relationship with her, which continued for the rest of his days. That she ever became his wife is asserted by no ancient author of credit, and her son by him was unquestionably regarded as illegitimate. But, whatever her position, the bond which united her with Pericles was very close. The two lived together in perfect harmony; their tastes and sympathies agreed. In the company of this cultivated and lovely woman Pericles found the relaxation which he would not so much as deign to seek in men's society. It is recorded that he never left his house to go to his daily duties without taking a tender leave of Aspasia.

We have said that Mr. Abbott has a lower opinion of the statesmanship of Pericles than that put forward by Grote and Curtius. From this point of view he sets him undoubtedly below Themistocles, and apparently also below Cimon, who strove to avert the rupture with Sparta, and who believed that a relation of amity between Attica and Lacedaemon would inure to the highest interests of both countries as well as to the collective interests of Hellas. Looking back we can see plainly enough that Athens was doomed from the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. No match for Sparta in the field, exposed to incessant invasion by land and to the annual devastation of her fields, rescued from starvation only by the shipments of corn from the Euxine, she staked her existence on perpetual victory at sea. Perpetual victory should have been recognized as unattainable. Cimon saw this. Pericles did not, or if he saw it, he deliberately sacrificed political security to intellectual dominion. If he seems at heart to have cared less for politics than for art and literature the preference which cost Athens her empire has made mankind his debtor. For the preference there is no doubt that his Milesian mistress was to a large extent responsible. That is why Aspasia fills so large a place in Landor's imagination.

M. W. H.

THE LUCK OF CHATTERING CAMP.

Changed Conditions in the Monkey Cage Since the Coming of an Anthropoid Infant.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

There was an exciting time among the monkeys at the Zoölogical Garden yesterday. Since the birth of the cunning little one several days ago great consternation has prevailed in the evolutionary family. It seems to be not only the idol of its fond parents, but also the joy and pride of the entire group. Different ones shared in fondling and coddling it, and the quarrels and knock downs which have occurred in the efforts of the other monkeys to get possession of it have produced some remarkably ludicrous scenes.

One of these funny incidents took place early yesterday, frightening one of the night watchmen half out of his wits. Just as he was about rounding the garden on the last patrol of his beat Watchman Shuman had his attention directed to the monkey house by a terrific commotion. So great and unusual was the uproar that the man was startled. Nearly every morning the monkeys welcome the day with a general clatter, but this time the noise was appalling. All sorts of sounds such as only monkeys with good lungs can produce, mingled with shrill shrieks, piercing yells, and loud screams, were issuing from the quarters, giving the watchman the impression that some small animal of prey had got into their cage and was slaughtering the monkeys, or else a deadly battle among themselves, such as has occurred several times, was in progress. Hastening in as fast as his feet could carry him, he found the army of monkeys formed in a circle around one of their number, chattering and shrieking, while they clambered over one another, rolled about the floor, and indulged in other strange and unaccountable antics. If Bedlam had been turned loose in the big cage, the confusion could not have been more, the uproar or the scene more ludicrous.

For several moments the watchman stood an amused spectator, astonished and bewildered at the strange performance, when suddenly one of the larger of the cunning creatures advanced to the monkey in the centre. Seizing the infant, which up to this time was unobserved by the man, the large monkey gave a big leap and made off with it. Up the side of the cage he ran like a squirrel, holding the baby in one arm and climbing with the other, while fifty more monkeys, with lungs like brass tea kettles, followed in hot pursuit with the frenzied mother, all screaming, chattering, and shrieking to the full extent of their vocal capacity. Around and around the kidnapper, who seemed to be the most agile and fleetest of foot of the lot, ran, holding his infant charge secure to protect it from harm. Meanwhile the excitement and confusion appeared, if possible, to increase. Instead of turning and heading him off, the foolish animals continued to chase him from the rear, frequently falling over one another in their precipitate rush to recover the baby.

In this manner they ran around for several moments. The watchman, bewildered as well as amused at their capers, stood by, enjoying the funny scene, at a loss to know what to do. Finally the big, old monkey, which had stolen the precious infant, suddenly turned into the centre of the cage to where the mother sat when he grabbed it from her arms. Stopping abruptly, he seemed to bid defiance to the pursuers, and while they, evidently seized with a fear to approach, collected about him in a circle and chattered as they had done about the mother, he held it tenderly to his bosom in one arm and stroked its little body affectionately with the other. Thus caressing it for a moment, he handed it back to its glad mother, and there was joy throughout the whole family.

As a result of this incident Lady Jane and her baby, Rosina, were transferred later in the day by Head Keeper Byrne to a special cage, where there are only three or four other monkeys. The baby was christened Rosina by an admirer of Rosina Vokes, the dramatic star.

"Ever since this young one was born, a few days ago, there has been the greatest time among the monkeys," said Keeper Byrne. "They all seem to be just as thoroughly in love with the little creature as ever a family of girls were with an infant brother. The mother appears to realize that they regard it with affection, and she has undertaken to cultivate this affectionate feeling by loaning it out to others to nurse. In consequence it has been handed about from one to the other until in the general admiration its stomach has been forgotten and it has not been receiving nourishment frequently enough. This is not intentional neglect on the part of the mother. When she loans it there is trouble in getting it back, because they pass it from one to another. It is a very hardy little creature, and seems to stand an amazing amount of handling. The others caper with it very gently, however, and understand as well as its mother that it requires tender treatment. Since I have moved the mother and it into another cage, where there are only a few others, it will not be neglected, for there are not so many to coddle it."

The little one which has created so much commotion in the monkey family weighs only about a pound. Its limbs, body, and head are perfectly developed, and in general appearance it is also a counterpart of its parent, except it is in color a dark pink. Its diminutive body is covered with a slight growth of fine hair of a yellowish hue. It is nursed at the breast of its mother after the same manner as a baby.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Kitty Neale.

From the Spectator.

All in the Golden Vale,
I met with Kitty Neale,
On her poll the milking pail, a lamb nosing at her knee.
Oh! her eyes were dreams of blue,
With the sunlight dancing through,
And her saucy lips the hue of the rose on the tree.
For a year and for a day,
I have sought in every way
That maiden fair as May for my true love to gain;
Every art of tongue and eye
Fond lads with lasses try,
I had used with ceaseless sigh, yet all, all in vain!

But that morning at the trace
Of the trouble in my face,
She paused with timid grace and murmured my name,
And a blessed, blessed man
I'd a kiss beneath her can
And consent her waist to span, without one word of blame.

And amid the blooming bowers,
I'd have rambled on for hours,
With my blushing Flower of Flowers, under Heaven's blue dome;
But the lamb he took a stile
At her pail, till all was spilt,
And crying, "I'll be kilt!" Kitty darted home.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

A Literary Solution.

From the Literary World.

We stood in the bookstore together,
She chatting of this and of that;
My heart kept time with the feather
That clung to her Gainsborough hat.
On Stevenson, Stockton, and Kipling,
And poems galore she enthused;
But how to propose to her, rippling
With music and laughter, I mused.

On this one and that one she tarried
To label their place on the shelf;
"This *How to be Happy Though Married*:
Absurd!" and I thought so myself.
"But those who have tried it may surely
Be trusted to know," I replied.
"I tell you," she said, "it is purely
The tone of the age to deride."

"The task for solution," I ventured,
"Is, how to be married though poor;"
I know that I ought to be censured;
She looking so sweet and demure.
Her voice was so low, 'twas the border
Of thought where it breaks into word;
"We might," she said, "solve *this*, in order
To prove that the book is absurd."

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

Only Once.

From the Boston Courier.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train,
The light was low and dim.

It came at last, and from the car
There stepped a dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place,
She straight unto me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!"
And kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again, and frightened cried
"Oh what a bad mistake!"

I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair
That I am not your Jack,
And as regards the kiss you gave,
I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I have often stood
On the platform lighted dim;
But only once in a man's whole life
Do such things come to him.

The Women Getting the Upper Hand.

From the Home Maker.

If ghosts of women dead a century
Steal back to earth,
Then verily to-night one talked to me
Upon my hearth;

And the pathetic minor of her tones,
Liquid with tears,
Was like a plaintive murmur from far zones
And distant years.

"Think not that I am come to you," she said,
"This hallowed night,
To gossip of the secrets of the dead,
Or tell their plight.

"I could not sleep: for lo! the Christmas bells
A new tune rang;
'New birth to woman!' Loud the pæan swells
In rhythmic clang.

"'New birth to woman!' Once no right had she
To choose her place;
Nor place had she save as man's courtesy
Did grant her grace.

"Sometimes, by beauty, trick, or accident,
Grim fate she crossed;
But when from her obeisance she unbent,
Her power she lost.

"O woman! to be robed at last and crowned
With dignity;
Walking with lifted head your chosen round
Unfettered, free;

"The barbarous traditions of the past
Loosed from your feet;
Life's richest goblet held to you at last,
Brimming and sweet.

"Forget not those for whom too late, alas!
Dawn flushed the sky,
And to their spirits drain a silent glass;
Of such am I.

"Hark to the Christmas bells! 'Good will toward men,
Peace on the earth!'
'And unto women!' chime they forth again,
'New birth! New birth!'"

If ghosts of women dead a century
Steal back to earth,
Then this same hour one came and talked to me
Beside my hearth.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

Dear Old London.

From the Chicago Daily News.

When I was broke in London in the fall of '89,
I chanced to spy in Oxford street this tantalizing sign:
"A Splendid Horace Cheap for Cash"; of course I had to look
Upon the vaunted bargain, and it was a noble book!
A finer one I've never seen nor can I hope to see,
The first edition, richly bound, and clean as clean can be;
And, just to think! for three-pounds-ten I might have had that Pine
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

Down at Noseda's in the Strand I found one fateful day,
A portrait that I pined for as only maniac may:
A print of Mme. Vestris she flourished years ago,
Was Bartolozzi's daughter and a thoroughbred, you know!
A clean and handsome print it was, and cheap at thirty bob,
That's what I told the salesman as I choked a rising sob;
But I hung around Noseda's as it were a holy shrine,
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

At Davey's in Great Russell street were autographs galore,
And Mr. Davey used to let me con that precious store;
Sometimes I read what warriors wrote, sometimes a king's command,
But, oftener still, a poet's verse, writ in a meagre hand:
Lamb, Byron, Addison and Burns, Pope, Johnson, Swift and Scott:
It needed but a paltry sum to comprehend the lot,
Yet, when Friend Davey marked 'em down, what could I but decline?
For I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

Of antique swords and spears I saw a vast and dazzling heap
That Curio Fenton offered me at prices passing cheap:
And, oh! the quaint old bureaus and the warming pans of brass,
And the lovely hideous freaks I found in pewter and in glass!
And, oh! the sideboards, candlesticks, the cracked old china plates,
The clocks and spoons from Amsterdam that antedate all dates:
Of such superb monstrosities I found an endless mine
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

Oh ye that hanker after boons that others idle by,
The battered things that please the soul though they may vex the eye;
The silver plate and crockery all sanctified with grime,
The oaken stuff that has defied the tooth of envious time
The musty tomes, the speckled prints, the mildewed bills of plays,
And other costly relics of malodorous decays,
Ye only can appreciate what agony was mine
When I was broke in London in the fall of '89.

When, in the course of natural things, I go to my reward,
Let no imposing epitaph my martyrdoms record;
Neither in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, nor any classic tongue,
Let my ten thousand triumphs over human griefs be sung;
But in plain Anglo-Saxon, that he may know who seeks
What agonizing pangs I've had while on the hunt for freaks:
Let there be writ upon the slab that marks my grave this line:
"Deceased was broke in London in the fall of '89!"

EUGENE FIELD.

Perplexity.

From the Warren Tribune.

Upon the shawm he nightly played, within his chamber high,
And over opposite a maid would nightly sit and sigh.
"Why grieve you so, oh, maiden fair? Why are your eyes so red?
Why sit you at the window there when you should be in bed?"

"I am from Boston, gentle sir," the maiden spoke; said she:
"A feminine philosopher you now before you see.
I know a shawm is a cornet, and that's a little corn,
And corn, as you may not know yet, is just the same as horn.

"But yet I cannot cipher out and rightly set to rights,
Although it's what I think about and dream about o' nights,
Why he who over opposite doth nightly play one horn,
Is not the ancient what-is-it, the Bible unicorn.

"And if a little corn be called a cornet properly,
Why not a hornet? I'm appalled; the thing doth puzzle me!"
And then she sighed and moved the man to ardent pity wawm.
And a little romance thus began, all owing to the shawm.

The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railroad.

From the Chicago Daily News.

A tortuous, double iron track; a station here, a station there;
A locomotive, tender, tanks; a coach with stiff reclining chair;
Some postal cars, and baggage too; a vestibule of patent make;
With buffers, duffers, switches, and the soughing automatic brake:
This is the Orient's novel pride, and Syria's gaudiest modern gem;
The railway scheme that is to ply 'twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem!

Beware, O sacred muley cow! the engine when you hear its bell!
Beware, O camel! when resounds the whistle's shrill, unholy swell!
And, native of that guileless land, unused to modern travel's snare,
Beware the fiend that peddles books, the awful peanut boy beware!
Else, trusting in their specious arts, you may have reason to condemn
The traffic which the knavish ply 'twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

And when, ah! when, the bonds fall due, how passing wroth will wax the State,
From Nebo's mount to Nazareth will spread the cry "Repudiate!"
From Hebron to Tiberias, from Jordan's banks unto the sea,
Will rise profane anathemas against "that damned monopoly!"
And F. M. B. A. shepherd folk, with cockless Jerry leading them,
Will swamp that corporation line 'twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem!

SOME QUESTIONS OF ART.

The Water-Color Exhibition.

It is difficult to estimate from year to year the relative excellence of large exhibitions. So, perhaps, we are wrong in thinking that this year's collection of water colors, taken as a whole, is not so good as those of last season and the season before. But it is very safe to say that not for several years have we had a water color show which contained so few pictures of exceptional value or interest.

It must have been an easy task to select the one which should occupy the post of honor in the centre of the long wall of the south gallery. Almost without seeing a contribution from Mr. Winslow Homer a hanging committee might rationally reserve this place for it. If the present large example does not in all ways show him at his very best, it is still a fine, impressive, skilful, and delightful work, and beyond question the chief picture of the collection. It is called "Mending the Nets," and is, with some exactness, a reversed version of a composition which Mr. Homer had already executed upon an etcher's plate. Two young women, evidently studied during the artist's stay in England, are sitting side by side on a bench, the one seen in profile as she stoops over the folds of a great net suspended from the wall in front of her, and the other one in a three-quarter view. This girl is not occupied with the net, but, with her needles and stocking in her lap, raises her arm to draw the yarn from a ball which lies on the ground, and bends her head and eyes to follow its movements. Even Mr. Homer has not painted a more successful figure than this, or one in which beauty so evidently springs from a combination of dignity and grace in the lines; and it is admirably set off by the more prosaic type and simpler attitude of its companion. In color, too, the figures are very good, and the only fault is that the background of white wall hardly explains itself with sufficient distinctness as being a wall, and seems to have little pictorial relationship to the figures. The impression is conveyed that the group, as such, rather than the scene as a whole, has interested Mr. Homer; but, his point of view once accepted, only pleasure and admiration are excited by the result.

Next to this in excellence, and for pure beauty above even this, we are inclined to place Mr. Charles Platt's "Spring Flood," No. 448, which hangs directly opposite. It is not a large landscape, and its elements are very simple—merely a stretch of river with a sloop in the middle of the current, a low reach of partly wooded land beyond, and a foreground of rather ragged turf and some clumps of willow bushes. It is just an ordinary New England scene, studied on the Charles River, and it has been treated with no attempt at even the idealization which may come from the choice of a peculiarly poetic effect of light. The illumination is as simply conceived as the other elements, and yet the result has great dignity, marked individuality, and a singularly potent charm. The charm springs doubtless from the tender yet vigorous color and the agreeable character of the handling, but the dignity without question from the harmonious arrangement of the lines of the composition and of the masses of foliage. Perhaps it is Mr. Platt's practice with the etching needle which has taught him how to compose; a lesson which our landscape painters as a class just now most need to learn. It is pleasant to know that this picture was among the first to be sold. When one of our water-color exhibitions has been open a week or two, and we go about with an eye to the little yellow tickets which tell where purchasers have paused and pulled out their pocketbooks, their aggregate testimony is apt produce a feeling of discouragement, tempered by bootless indignation. Why should our best men try to paint their best when the poorest work of their poorest associates seems to be preferred by the public? It would furnish a curious commentary upon the relative degree of intelligence possessed by American artists and the American public could a list be printed of the painters who are most highly esteemed, taking as the test—since it is the only thermometer which marks the pulse of popularity—whether they do or do not support themselves by their painting. Every one who has much to do with artistic coteries carries such a list pretty well made out in his mind. The wonder is that it does not discourage him from future effort, whether his task be to paint or merely to comment on painting. But fortunately our best men care less for popularity, even when it means a bit of butter on their bread, than for art; and those who appreciate their earnest work are grateful for every such sign and promise of improvement in public taste as is given by the favor Mr. Platt's lovely picture immediately won. There is, however, a sad amount of evidence of another kind given by the yellow tickets this year.

Among the more conspicuous pictures which are good is Mr. Chase's three-quarter length portrait of a lady looking over her shoulder at the spectator, No. 32. It is the same attractive Spanish-looking face that he has often painted before, but, it must be confessed, he has sometimes painted it with greater success, or, at least, has used it to make a more charming picture. The heavy body color in this example affects the eye less pleasantly than Mr. Chase's brush work usually does. An admirable little figure is Mr. Childe Hassam's "Fisherman Mending His Nets," No. 423; and an admirable study of that supposedly intractible subject, a New England street, is the same artist's, No. 75. It shows a street in Gloucester, Mass., closely built, with no great masses of foliage to soften outlines or mitigate the crude color of bright fresh paint, and a vivid yellow horse car is prominent in the foreground. Yet the result is not only vigorous and spirited, but harmonious and interesting. Mr. Hassam's largest contribution, the "Fifth Avenue," No. 466, is immensely clever in treatment, but perhaps too violent in tone for whole-souled acceptance even by those who have learned from many recent painters that there are more purple and bluish tones in nature than the Philistine sees. And somehow Mr. Hassam has for once missed the character of his subject. It is more easy to believe we are looking at a street in Paris than in New York. Several little landscapes also show Mr. Hassam's sincerity and skill, but there is nothing here which quite comes up to the level he touched in some of the works shown last autumn by the new water-color society of which he is President, and nothing so brilliant and individual as his pastels of last spring, which is only to say that we must criticise a man with a record as we should never be tempted to criticise a new comer.

The character of the chosen scene has certainly been caught by Mr. Tryon in his "Winter, Central Park," No. 71; and it is a lovely little picture despite the fact that it gives but a hint of the city in the distance over a foreground of low brown vegetation sprinkled with snow; and the same painter's "Evening," No. 351, is almost equally good. Mr. Wiles's "Hothouse Flower," No. 38, is not up to the standard he has set for himself. The little figure called "With Thoughts Afar," No. 409, is more satisfactory in treatment; but the color of the scarlet dress is a little crude, and there is little of a body inside it. The "Débutante," No. 349, seems to us the best of the three, a delightful study of a pretty dark-haired girl in a green cloak and black furs, with just a hint of pink beneath them to complete a charming scheme of color. Beautiful execution of a broader, more washy, summary sort is shown in Miss Greaterex's large studies of peasant girl's heads, especially attractive being No. 370, where the light falls on the face through a white umbrella. It would hardly be possible to go further in the graceful art of suggesting much by means of a little well-directed labor. Mr. Francis Day's "A Good Fortune," No. 302, a life-size half-length of a young girl in pink, is technically clever, but loud in color and rather puerile in feeling. Mr. Coffin's "Buzzard's Bay," No. 161, a small picture of a boy in a sailboat, is firmly handled, strong and good in color and excellent in the expression of the quality of the atmosphere, a vigorous bit of work altogether. Mr. Sterner, a new acquaintance who sends his work from Paris, contributes an excellent study of a "Dutch Girl," seen in profile, No. 214, and a pretty little picture, rich in color, of a child in a green gown, No. 65. And by way of contrast to these, we have Mr. Symington's figure, No. 357, for which it would have been very hard to find a more inappropriate title than "Modesty."

Among the decidedly good and interesting figure pictures is Mr. Horatio Walker's "Evening," No. 385, where a peasant is leading home his cow in the softest kind of a rosy twilight. It may be questioned, perhaps, whether in the effort to realize the tender mistiness of the atmosphere Mr. Walker has not given a little too much of its quality to the figures as well, considering how near they are supposed to be to the eye. But the artifice, if such it be, is eminently permissible, in view of the general truth and charm of the picture. And another interesting and poetic work from the same hand is the smaller "Pastoral," No. 14. Mr. George Wharton Edwards likewise sends a composition where figures and landscape are of almost equal value, a well-designed and executed picture of peasant women and a child walking amid white sand hills called "In the Dunes, North Holland," No. 29. It seems to us more successful than either of his other contributions, though these, too, are among the worthy things of the collection.

Conspicuous among the landscapes for individuality, as well for beauty, is Mr. Ochtman's large "Silvery Night," No. 117. It is, if we remember, a somewhat different version of a theme which he exhibited, painted in oil, at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists last spring. But the change of medium has given a result even more pleasing than the first, and it is interesting to see how poetic, almost fairy-like a scene can be wrought, given the right point of view and the right hour of witchery, with the commonplace elements of North American foliage and architecture. Mr. Whittemore's "Old Road Across the Pasture," No. 178, and especially his "May," No. 43, with its blossoming apple orchard, deserve attention, and so does Mr. Charles Parsons's "Road Scene, Devonshire," No. 60, a pretty little bit of shadowy roadside, with bright glints of sunlight falling through the trees. Mr. C. W. Eaton's landscapes are good, as usual, and Mr. Francis Murphy's, while, by way of contrast, we may look from these essentially American products at the poetic yet vigorous "Calf in the Meadow" of Mr. George Poggenbeck, one of the younger Dutch painters of the day. Mr. Charles Curran sends this year, instead of the interiors or the outdoor figure subjects which we might have expected, several tiny landscapes with cabbages in the foreground, charming in color and well treated with a miniature-like delicacy and definiteness. Mr. Will H. Robinson's "In a French Garden," No. 390, is one of the most ambitious attempts at brilliant color that the collection includes, and by no means unsuccessful in reaching harmony as well as brightness. In his "Selling Fish on the Beach, Holland," he has worked in a very different key, but again with success, and his groups of figures have more vitality than we often find in versions of these now thrice-hackneyed scenes. Mr. Behn's "Iridescent Sea," No. 320, deserves a word of mention, and so does Mr. Reinhart's unpretentious but clever "Sketch," No. 426, showing a bit of a foreign street. Mr. Hopkinson Smith contributes one of his gay, lively Oriental scenes, "Plaza of the Valede Mosque," No. 199, and Miss Grace Pomeroy sends, as has happened before, the best roses on the wall, "Catharine Mermets," No. 192. In color they are not quite so fresh as some of her previous flower paintings; but in drawing, in composition, and in the expression of the delicate texture yet heavy substance of the roses they are extremely good. Near together in the north gallery hang two excellent little landscapes by Mr. Bolton Jones, Nos. 32 and 34; and beside them is Mr. Hamilton Gibson's "Rocky Pasture, Autumn." This is entirely successful, but as much cannot be said for his little study of clover and spiders' webs, called "The Morning Gossamer," No. 422. Gossamer seems hardly the word for so solid looking a substance as Mr. Gibson shows, and the execution has in general a Christmas-card hardness and over-elaboration. But it is easy to forget this, looking at the many small landscapes from the same hand, for if none of them, except the one we have named, attracts immediate attention each has points of genuine excellence.

Mr. Francis Townsend, a newcomer, we think, sends a very well-studied "Heifer's Head," No. 389, and Mr. Phimister Proctor two studies of animals, one with deer in a landscape, and the other with a grizzly bear on a rocky hillside, which please us none the less because they seem to show an intelligent appreciation of the water color work of Barye. An excellent picture is Mr. Wiggins's "Sunlight and Shadow," No. 49, with a flock of sheep and a stormy sky; and one of the most attractive, most individual, most sincere and yet poetic, pictures in the exhibition is Mr. Fitz's "The Moat," No. 420, a veritable little gem in its way. "In the Meadows," No. 454, by Mr. Arthur Dawson; a Venetian study, No. 473, by Mr. Boggs; "Snowing," No. 508, by Mr. Bucklin; "Chrysanthemums," No. 548, by Miss Dohn; Miss Redmond's well-handled large study of "German Field Poppies," No. 482, and several pictures by Mrs. Nicholls and Mr. Gifford are among the remaining good examples. Nor should one overlook Mr. Triscott's well-painted and sunny "Cliff Road," No. 461, which is the best of three interesting works from his hand. As for Mr. Franzen's two large pictures, even the most careless observer will scarcely overlook them. The bold and perhaps exaggerated way in which he has used purple tones in the one that shows a girl waiting under a tree for a ferry-boat and is called "Un Angel," No. 247, may blind one a little to its technical excellence and the spirit shown in the figure. It is unfortunate that the other, called "Forenoon," No. 259, has been hung over a door, for it is distinctly better in tone, charmingly composed, and full of genuine outdoor light.

And now we may pass, with a pretty clear conscience, to the exhibition of the Etching Club, which this year fills the corridor instead of the west gallery, as heretofore. When, however, we have noted the fact that reproductive etchings have this year been excluded from the walls and that the handsome catalogue, almost too large to use as such, contains an essay on etchings, signed with initials which lead one to charge Mr. James D. Smillie with its authorship, not much need be added in the way of individual criticisms. Mr. Smillie himself, Mr. Mielatz, Miss Dillaye, Mrs. Getchell, Mr. Bacher, and a few others send prints which are attractive to the eye, although in but few cases do they reveal much individuality or force. Mr. Pennell's work is always workmanlike, effective and interesting; but in these etchings, at all events, he is not so well worth looking at and not nearly so well worth studying as in the beautiful pen-and-ink drawings with which exhibitions of other sorts have made us familiar. It is only Mr. Whistler, in a couple of small examples, and Mr. Platt, in a longer series of larger prints, who will long detain the eye of the true lover of etching. Of Mr. Whistler we need not speak in detail at this late day, contenting ourselves with the citation of a passage from the catalogue which well characterizes his work in its successive stages. "The tremendous energy," here says J. D. S., "the quick impulse, the unerring hand, is as plainly shown in the realistic treatment of brick walls and architectural and shipping details in Whistler's early Thames views as it is in the hasty, impatient, and, many times, meagre treatment of his later Venetian and Amsterdam plates. Although in years this one etcher's manner of treatment has changed so widely, yet the etcher's impulse remains the same. The changes are physical rather than intellectual. The unerring hand of the young man has grown to be impatient, and is in haste to jot down the mark that must stand now a symbol where years ago he was content to make many marks to explain themselves to his, as yet, imperfectly educated admirers." It is Whistler's later "impatient" mood that the little examples in the present collection reveal. There is no impatience, but much freedom, spontaniety, and vigor in Mr. Platt's contributions, and always that feeling for dignified composition which, when speaking of his fine water color, we ventured to attribute to his practice with the needle. Only a born artist, however, could learn, even after years of such practice, to compose so well as Mr. Platt; the proof is patent in the works of others all about him who have practised much longer than he. In knowledge of what to attempt and what to leave untold, in the rendering of detail where it will tell and its suppression elsewhere, in the great art of showing the scene without showing all its factors, as well as in the fundamental task of selecting the right scene for such a purpose, Mr. Platt is distinctly at the head of American etchers. Compared with these intellectual merits even his technical accomplishment seems less important, if, indeed, one can separate thought from technique in an art so subtle and so far removed from the mere imitation of nature.

LOADING THE PHONOGRAPH.

How the Melody of the Popular Singers and Banjo Players is Secured.

Half a dozen men were assembled in the rear room of a house in Fifth avenue the other afternoon examining some curious looking machines which stood on a raised counter in the centre of the room. Attached to each machine was a big brass funnel, shaped like the mouth of an exaggerated ear trumpet. An odd little cylinder, that looked soft and greasy, revolved at moderate speed back of the point of each funnel. On the other side of the double glass doors that divided the room from a much larger one in front, three negroes and a negress were listening intently. Their heads were close up to the doors, and an expression of expectancy rested upon their faces. Presently four of the men in the room arranged themselves in front of a similar number of funnels, while the other two went in back and began to manipulate a number of belts and screws connected with the machinery. Then one of the men adjusted the funnels so that they were close together, and the smallest of the quartet, a pudgy man with a square, smooth-shaven face, stepped forward and said in a voice so loud that it made the listening darkies jump:

"The following selection is 'Annie Rooney.' It was sung on Feb. — by the — Quartet."

Immediately the quartet began to sing in fortissimo. The darkeys did not have to strain their ears to hear, but they followed the singing very closely nevertheless. They seemed to be more interested in the methods of the singers than in the result. As soon as the song was finished, the singers sat back and discussed their work.

"That ought to have taken all right," said one, "but what I don't understand is the way the machinery halts every once in a while. Seems to me the battery is out of order."

One of the men behind the machinery now manipulated another screw, and presently the machine repeated in queer, strained tones the song that had been poured into it. Then the quartet got up and sang another song in the same fashion, to which the darkeys listened as intently. They were waiting for their turn.

Every day the families who live in the houses adjoining the one in which this performance took place hear the strains of music and the sounds of highly pitched recitations, declamations, speeches, and dialogues. Every day, also, a lot of people come into the office on the lower floor of this house and want to secure engagements to talk into the phonograph on the upper story. Nearly all these persons are professionals. Some of them expect to be paid for their services and others don't. Some are satisfied with the advertising they expect to get out of their singing and talking, and some merely wish to gratify their vanity. The man who has to judge of the fitness of applicants has a hard time of it occasionally. The other day he came down and said to the manager:

"Those women are no use to us. They can't sing for sour grapes."

Five minutes later two strong-voiced women came down the stairs in a hurry, and, waltzing into the office of the manager, wanted to know what arrangements he was prepared to make with them. They were ignorant of the decision against them. But they intimated that they did not have very much respect for the judge anyhow. They complained of his "lack of courtesy." When they heard that he had reported that their voices were not fit to be reproduced by the phonograph they started for the stairs leading to his office with an energy that frightened the manager partly out of his wits. By the time he had recovered his equilibrium they were going up the stairs two steps at a time. He overtook them, but found it difficult to restrain them. He tried soothing syrup for some time in vain.

"It isn't because your voices are not good, correct, sweet, and all that," he said. "Of course not. I am sure your voices are very fine; in fact, your reputation is well known to me. But, as a matter of fact (letting his voice drop to a confidential whisper), voices can be too good for this purpose. A very sweet voice won't do. Patti's songs and those of other big singers didn't go well at all."

All his efforts were wasted, however. The women looked at him with withering scorn.

"You can't deceive us that way," said the elder of the two vehemently. "We are no spring chickens. This whole business is a rascally proceeding. That scoundrel you have got up there is unfair and unjust. He only recommends his own tools. We would not have cared if our application had been rejected by a competent judge. Everybody has his own opinions, I presume, but the idea of being insulted into the bargain! We will sue the company for libel, that is what we will do."

Then they stamped out, leaving the manager much relieved at their departure.

"All sorts of people come to our office," said the manager, "and want to be allowed to sing into the phonograph. Many of them can't sing at all, and even some who are good singers do not seem to be able to use their voices effectively. We are overrun with applicants, and have lots of noted people on our list. We employ a man to do nothing but play the piano for the vocalists. The man who tests their voices listens to the applicant while he sings a few bars, and if he thinks the voice suitable he spends considerable time in instructing its owner in the way he should sing into the phonograph. It is very difficult to do that well. Many of the applicants want to throw a cartload of pathos into their voices, or sing in a stagy tone and strut about melodramatically, as if they were before an audience. That won't do at all. The tone must be natural, and the words distinctly spoken. Articulation is a very important element in securing good results. The singer must stand still at a certain distance from the receiver, and sing loudly and clearly. Not one out of ten of the singers who appeal to the public possesses a voice suitable for the phonograph. We find it especially difficult to obtain a suitable female voice. The quality of the tone seems to be too fine and too thin. A baritone is the best voice for our purposes. Although most of our applicants volunteer to sing for nothing, just to have their names repeated by the machine, we pay a good and suitable singer well. We don't have much use for the high class operatic airs, but find that the popular songs take much better."

The company keeps a book in which are written the names of all the applicants and all the persons who have sung or spoken into the phonograph. Ed Stevens of the Casino company has been there frequently, and so have a number of other comic opera favorites. The Twenty-third Street Theatre band pours its melody into the phonograph about four times a week. Any number of trios, quartets, quintets, and sextets are on the list. All the cylinders on which these songs have been recorded are labelled and put away on their proper shelves. The same song or recitation is frequently repeated on half a dozen cylinders. The latter are rented out to the owners of phonographs, or are put into the nickel-in-the-slot machines. The other day a party of young girls went down to the Edison works in Broad street and listened to the voice of the phonograph for some time. One of the men connected with the company put up a game on the girls, and made them think that Mr. Edison himself had been aware of their coming, and had talked into the machine for their benefit. The alleged Wizard's voice expressed his gratification at the presence of so many lovely girls, and invited them all to come out to his home in Llewellyn Park. Fortunately the girls did not accept the invitation, although they were very much pleased with it. The Wizard would have probably been much surprised if he had found a bevy of girls coming up to the front door of his house some afternoon with the confident expectation of finding him ready to receive them. The apparent mystery of the phonograph still continues to draw large numbers of people, most of whom seem to regard it as one of the creations of the Old Nick himself. They listen politely while attendants explain the workings of the machine, but continue to look incredulous, nevertheless, and seem restrained only by a sense of propriety from expressing their unbelief.

WOULD ANIMALS SMOKE?

Experiments Indicating That They Would if Possible.

From the London Telegraph.

In the Berlin Zoological Gardens Prof. Paul Meyerheim, painter of animal life, has been trying the effects of the fragrant weed on various denizens of the gardens, with results which are as novel as they are undoubtedly amusing. Chief among the subjects of his experiments was the brown bear. He declares that the "common brown bears" are genuine enthusiasts for tobacco. "When I puff my cigar smoke into their cage," he remarks, "they rush to the front, rubbing their noses and backs against the bars through which the smoke has penetrated." The Professor, with some temerity, once experimented on the lion. The creature was asleep, and this was the moment selected for puffing a volume of tobacco smoke in his face. Did he at once wake up with a savage growl, lash his tail, and, springing at the bars, shake the massive iron? Not at all. He awoke and "stood on his legs," which seems a natural enough attitude to adopt, and "sneezed powerfully." Then he quietly lay down on his side and "elevated his nose, as if asking for a second dose." It may be news to some naturalists to hear that goats, stags, and llamas all devour tobacco and cigars with remarkable satisfaction. It is certainly somewhat of a waste of the material to let a prime Havana be "bolted" in one gulp by an antelope; but the Professor was actuated by a praiseworthy desire to discover scientific facts, and also by a wish to get on good terms with creatures whom it was his business to sketch. "I made a personal friend," he writes, "of an exceedingly malicious guanaco, or wild llama, by simply feeding him again and again with tobacco."